

JAMES LICK
BEQUEATHED TO THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF
SAN FRANCISCO
THE SUM OF \$10000 FOR THE
PURCHASE OF MECHANICAL AND
SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

LICK



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The LW-TIGER 1951



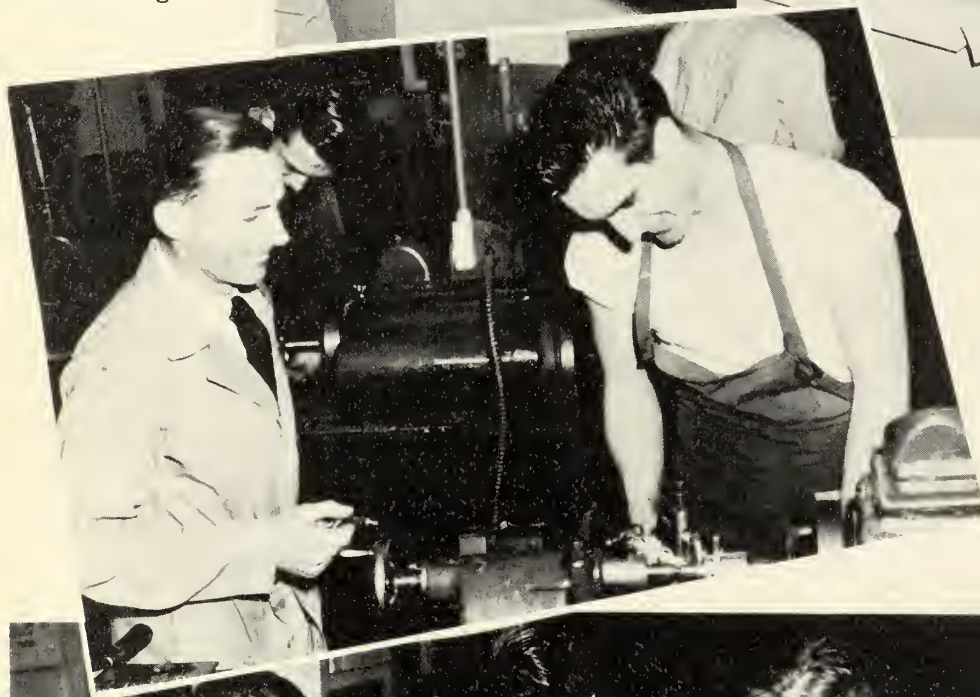
A Publication by the
Students of The Lick-
Wilmerding Schools,
San Francisco, California

AT WORK

Mechanical
Drawing



Machine Shop



Sheet Metal





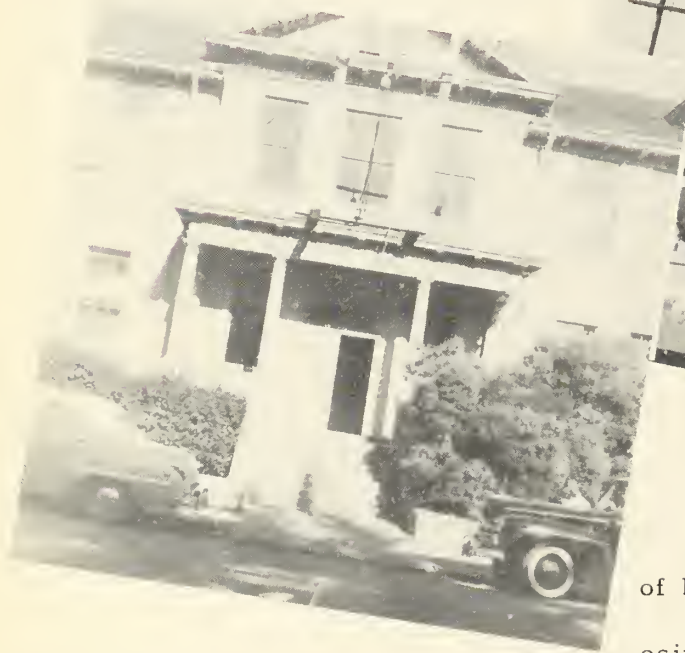
INTRODUCTION

This year the Editor and staff of the Lick-Wilmerding "Tiger" have tried something new in our Year Book. It is composed mainly of pictures which we hope you will enjoy. We have tried to change everything completely from Year Books of the past.

As you read your "Tiger," will you try and keep in mind the men and women, alumni of Lick-Wilmerding, who have risked, lost and are losing their lives in wars trying to keep this country free to allow us to put out a publication such as this one.

Again we hope that you will enjoy this Year Book.

BUILDINGS



At the end of the spring semester of 1950 there was a great deal of curiosity around school. All the shops in the Sixteenth Street Building were arranging their equipment so that it would fit into a smaller space. Everybody was trying to figure out what great change was going to take place.

The beginning of the fall semester brought the answer to a lot of bewildered students. The school had been condensed into one building, the Seventeenth Street Building. During the summer the boys on the janitorial staff had moved almost all of the equipment up from the Sixteenth Street Building and installed it. They also had added a few new rooms and had made some of the old rooms larger, thus using up a lot of waste space. The school was not yet quite ready to have the students come back, but school had to start. At first the teachers thought that there would be too much confusion to hold classes, but all the students pitched in and did their part to get things going smoothly.

Bob Terry
-51-J-



BUILDINGS

PATRICK NOBLE

Just who was Patrick Noble? If you put this question to today's average San Franciscan, he would know very little, if anything, about this man; but if you ask someone who knows anything about the steel industry in northern California, he would probably tell you that Patrick Noble was, among other achievements, an inventor, pioneer steel man, an industrialist, and civic leader. In the words of an admirer he was ". . . a directing force in the production of iron and steel."

In 1868 Patrick Noble came to California from his state of birth, South Carolina. He was descended from a very distinguished Southern family, among whom were another Patrick Noble, governor of South Carolina, and Edward Noble, one of the signers of the state's Ordinance of Secession. He started his career as a bookkeeper for the Pacific Rolling Mill Company. He became assistant superintendent of the firm.

Patrick Noble was a man of exceptional character and ability, an able executive and shrewd innovator. We are shown that he possessed superior ingenuity and initiative by the fact that in 1875 he perfected two gas furnaces, which greatly increased the output of the mill.

Because of a depression and eastern competition, the Pacific Rolling Mills was forced out of business. Noble, showing great foresight, rebuilt the company. With his son, Edward, he enjoyed a prosperous business until his death in 1920.

The Patrick Noble Auditorium was built by his son, Edward, in his memory. It was dedicated in 1939.

Fred Vaznaugh
51-J



GINN HOUSE

Ginn House is celebrating its forty-fourth birthday this year. The endowment which provided for its construction and maintenance was left to the school by the late Fredrick B. Ginn to enable boys from remote districts to attend our school. The boys have come from Venezuela and Argentina and from across the Atlantic; we have a boy from Arabia and one from Nigeria. Most of the boys have come from Northern and Southern California, with a few from Washington and Oregon.

Mrs. Hurd, the present house mother, has been with Ginn house since 1940, and she has performed her duties capably and well. She is an excellent cook and housemother, and she somehow keeps perfect discipline without keeping the boys under her thumb. Ginn House has progressed since the day of its infancy to the point where it now boasts a television set, privately owned, but viewed by all the boys.



JOKE

Mr. Tibbetts: "Take this down... Na_2SO_4 ."

E. Ghorzi: "Yep, got it."

Mr. Tibbetts: "How'd it taste?"



DEDICATION



The 1951 Lick-Wilmerding "Tiger" Staff is very proud to dedicate this Year Book to Mr. Sydney A. Tibbetts, head of the Chemistry Department of The California School of Mechanical Arts and The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts. He has been a teacher here for the past forty-seven years. The expert instruction received by students under his guidance has proved most valuable. Those who have not yet had Mr. Tibbetts as an instructor have much to look forward to in the future. His untiring devotion to our boys and girls has made him much beloved. May we see him in our midst for many years to come.

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

to the Classes of '50-X and '51-J

Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

Abraham Lincoln



For the members of the 1950-X and 1951-J classes we come now not to the end of the trail but to a junction in the road. It is time they must decide which way to turn, which path to take. In back of them lies three happy, profitable years at Lick-Wilmerding -- ahead of them, a future of which they will be both architect and builder.

If they have learned their lessons well, if character has developed along with increase of knowledge, if unshaven, untried boys have truly grown into blossoming young manhood, bright should be the promise of the future and our faculty can well be proud of their part in the educational process.

In his last message to the graduating seniors, your director lives again the happy association of the past three years and cherishes the thought that the impress of Lick-Wilmerding will leave a lasting and beneficial mark on each and every one of you. While he congratulates you on past achievements, he points out that graduation is only the beginning to what lies ahead.

As your director looks for the present graduates to be builders

of the future, he feels that he cannot conclude these parting words of advice without emphasizing the note of warning in the Lincoln quotation. In these days when the growing welfare state looms more ominously on the horizon, it is necessary for our young citizens to understand this issue and to come to a proper decision.

The State does not produce wealth; it first must take from the people anything it gives back to some of them. To destroy what some have to give others, is not the right way, not the American way. While society must always be prepared to care for the truly unfortunate, others must expect to earn their privileges and blessings, not to receive them as gifts from a benevolent government. Your director is sure that the student trained at Lick-Wilmerding School will be imbibed with the ideal of building for himself, rather than to pull down what others have.

Arthur W. Wynne
Director



Office

A. B. PATTERSON
Recorder

English and Language Departments

LYDIA STEWART, A. B.
English and French



JOSEPHINE MERLIN, A. B.
English and Spanish



FACULTY

History Department

JOSEPH PIVERNETZ, A. B. , M. A.
World History, U.S. History,
Civics, and Economics



Mathematics Department

RALPH BRITTON, A. B.
Physics, Trigonometry and
Algebra



PAUL L. BERLIN, B. S.
Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry

FACULTY



Chemistry Department

SYDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S.
Chemistry and Mineralogy

Drafting Department

HENRY J. STUTTERD, B. S.
Architectural Drawing and Surveying



CHARLES L. SLEEPER
Mechanical Drawing



FACULTY

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Sheet Metal

BILL F. JONES, B. S.
Electricity



Shops Department

ELMER S. SPARROWE
Woodwork

JOHANNES THOMSEN
Machine Shop

FACULTY

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PRESIDENT
Bob Gledhill



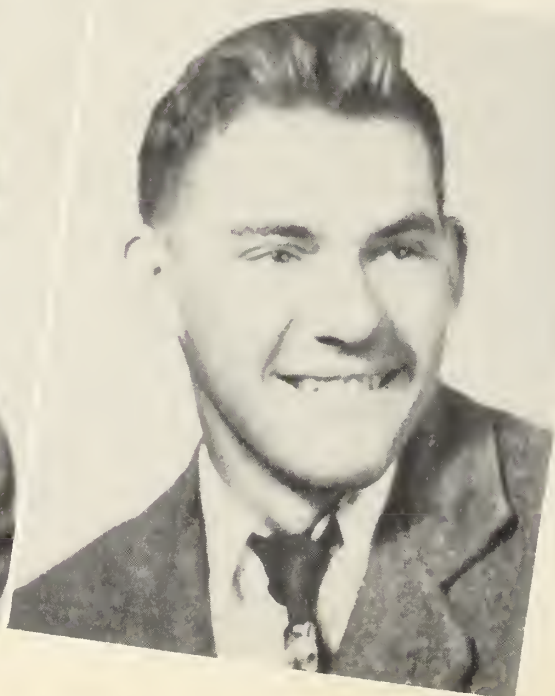
VICE-PRESIDENT
Frank Crotty

FALL STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

SECRETARY-TREASURER
Mickey Amorsen



SPORTS-MANAGER
Felix Smith



PRESIDENT
Roland Koenig



VICE-PRESIDENT
Bob Griggi



SPRING STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

SECRETARY-TREASURER
Mickey Amorsen



SPORTS-MANAGER
Fred Giusto





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Al Richterman, Bill Davis, Hank Warner, Gordon Miller, Jay Edwards, FRONT ROW: Fred Vaznaugh, Bob Gledhill, Maxine Bresadola, Joyce Hirshfeld, Mickey Amorsen, Ermen Ghiorzi, Bob Griggi, Frank Crotty.

FALL RALLY COMMITTEE



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Paul Dember, Al Richterman, Don Millard, Ivor Parry, Donn Graves, Roland Koenig, Bill Davis. MIDDLE ROW: Joyce Hirshfeld, Bob Wheeler, Joe Eastwood, Pat Quinn, Fred Vaznaugh, Bob Gledhill, Earl Myers, Mickey Amorsen. FRONT ROW: Sam Mihara, Nick Malman, Bob Ruffner, Brian Guilbert, Stan De Andreis, Fred Giusto, Hank Warner.

SPRING RALLY COMMITTEE



Left to Right:
Standard Oil trip: All set to go; Campaigning:
Fred tried hard; And who is this?
Bus trip: All over, everybody's tired; Rally
practice: it sure looks like it.



Due to photography difficulties, the Fall Dance
Committee picture will not appear.

We are very sorry.

"Tiger" Staff





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Sam Mihara, Al Richterman, Roland Koenig, Bill Davis, Fred Vaznaugh, Joe Eastwood, Bob Young, FRONT ROW: Fred Juul, Bob Gledhill, Joyce Hirshfeld, Hank Warner, Mickey Amorsen, Fred Giusto, Stan De Andreis, Bob Griggi.

SPRING DANCE COMMITTEE

FALL BOARD OF CONTROL

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Ken Tornberg, Bill Scarabosio, Don Gerigk. MIDDLE ROW: Gerritt Orton, Gordon Miller. FRONT ROW: Frank Crotty, Joyce Hirshfeld, Bob Gledhill, Mickey Amorsen, Jack Cavallero.



SPRING BOARD OF CONTROL

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Ron Keil, Lou Fabbri, Joyce Hirshfeld, Fred Vaznaugh, Hank Warner. FRONT ROW: Frank Chiappella, Gilbert Aymeric, Brian Guilbert, Roland Koenig, Bob Griggi, Mickey Amorsen.

SCRIPT BLOCK

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Fred Vaznaugh, Bob Gledhill, Hank Warner, Bob Griggi, Ermen Ghiorzi, Roland Koenig, Ivor Parry, Paul Dember. FRONT ROW: Joyce Hirshfeld, Maxine Bresadola, Mickey Amorsen, Bill Davis, Gordon Miller, Jay Edwards, Frank Crotty.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Fred Ghiorzi, Joe Eastwood, Ivor Parry, Ermen Ghiorzi.
FRONT ROW: Fred Juul, Bob Gledhill, Bill Davis, George Yeakey.

BLOCK L W

TIGER STAFF

Joyce Hirshfeld
Editor-in-chief

Bob Gledhill
Art Editor

Fred Juul
Literary Editor

Hank Warner
Copy Editor

Fred Vaznaugh
Business Manager

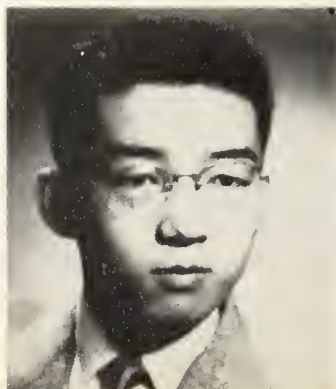
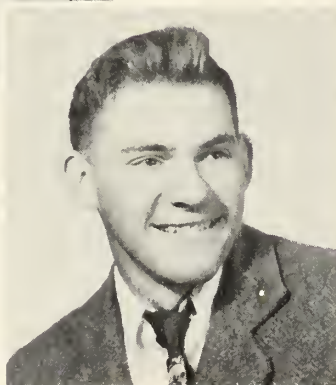
Gordon Miller
Photographer

Felix Smith
Reporter

George Niederhofer
Reporter

Sam Mihara
Reporter

Mickey Jewell
Reporter



TIGER STAFF



Fred, Hank, and Gordon
working hard



Talking Things Over



Copy reading can be fun

Still working hard



Fred, Hank and Joyce
checking notes



EDITOR'S COMMENT

As Editor of the Lick-Wilmerding "Tiger," I would like to thank my staff as a whole for their co-operation in the editing of this book. It was a hard job, but we made it.

First I would like to thank Mrs. Stewart, adviser, for her patience and help with my staff and me.

Thanks are given to Bob Gledhill, Fred Juul, Hank Warner, and Fred Vaznaugh for their undying efforts to help me get the literary editing in on time.

Thanks are also given to Gordon Miller for his work in photography. The many miscellaneous pictures are to his credit.

I would like to thank those students who turned in Tiger Manuscripts which will be found later in the Book.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Keith Cole Studios for their Marvelous job of photography.

It has been a lot of work, but we had fun doing it. I wish the future editor all the luck in the world, and I hope you will have as much fun as I did.

Joyce Hirshfeld
Editor-in-chief



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Don Manning, Ken Tornberg, Felix Smith, Fred Vaznaugh. MIDDLE ROW: Hiroshi Saito, Fred Giusto, Gordon Miller, Bob Griggs, Maxine Bresadola.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Don Bresson, Ralph Sullivan, Eugene Van Duyn, Ermen Ghiorzi, Don Millard, Joe Eastwood. MIDDLE ROW: Don Manning, Alan Batton, Ken Tornberg, Felix Smith, Dick Terrell. FRONT ROW: Bill Davis, Santo De Grandi, Tom Ord, Maxine Bresadola, Hank Warner, Bob Gledhill.

SENIOR CLASS 50-X



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bob Terry, Fred Juul, Ivor Parry, Roland Koenig, Rich Cardona, Tom Kenny, Fred Vaznaugh, Jack Lontz. MIDDLE ROW: Otto Schutt, Jerry Sullivan, Shogo Yamoto, Stan De Andreis, George Dods-worth, Lou Fabbri, Augie Campo. FRONT ROW: George Niederhofer, Fred Giusto, Hiroshi Saito, George Yeakey, Joyce Hirshfeld, Gordon Miller, Bob Griggi, Jay Edwards.

SENIOR CLASS 51-J



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Joe Klein, Don Gerigk, Bill Scarabosio, Nick Malman, FRONT ROW: Ben White, George Hersh, Mickey Amorsen, Sally Heide, Ashley Emery.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bob Wheeler, Fred Nielson, Nick Malman, Brian Guilbert, Ben Whitem, Pat Quinn, MIDDLE ROW: Joe Klein, Al MacKenzie, Bill Scarabosio, Dave Bennett, Max Vella. FRONT ROW: Charles Green, Mickey Amorsen, Dick McKusick, Shirley Teeters, Al Best.

JUNIOR CLASS 51-X



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: David Breen, Pete Konstantopolous, Fred Ghiorzi, Frank Crotty, Rich Faltersack, Don Gerigk, Dan O'Sullivan. NEXT ROW: Don Sperring, Gary Lemcke, Rich Ferronato, Paul Gumbinger, Ken Warren, Bill Medin, Ben Wells, Arnold Riding. NEXT ROW: Doug Murray, Norman Stewart, Dan Durigan, Paul King, Ronald Koenig, Glen Lanum, Charles Pyle, Art Ludewig, Bill Bunting. FRONT ROW: Mickey Jewell, George Hersh, Paul Gliebe, Roderic Ward, Ashley Emery, Orval Taylor, Ed Wetherford, Dave Batton, Sally Heide.

JUNIOR CLASS 52-J



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Frank Chiappella, Jack Cavallero, Gerritt Orton, Warren Miller. FRONT ROW: Jim Hale, Paul Pina, Bill Williams, John Best.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: George Browne, Alex Kovaleff, Paul Pina, Elwood Hotting, Jerry Walz. NEXT ROW: Bob Kendall, Bob Shearn, Bill Franke, Bill Williams, Bill Fox, John Linda, Bill Huntington, Don Gustafson, Pete Browning. NEXT ROW: Tom Fullam, Al Richterman, Howard Koenig, Pete Sabin, Gerritt Orton, Milton Guyton, Ed Driscoll, Jim Clark, Bill Struthers. FRONT ROW: Tom Sharman, Jim Hale, Al Morando, Johnny Sans, Bob Ruffner, Don Semenoff, Jim Walsh, Ray Shepard, Ralph Tiegel.

SOPHOMORE CLASS 53-J



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Frank Chiapella, Bob Young, Jack Cavallero, Richard Arras, Miller. FRONT ROW: Jim Dowell, George McShea, John Best, Ed Schoenstein.

FRESHMAN CLASS 54-J



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lonnie Lockwood, Ben Andrews. FRONT ROW: Stan Pudlo, Jerry Baganiani, Don Yerby.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lonnie Lockwood, Don Campagna, Bob Lorenzi, John Ginocchio, Ben Poggi. MIDDLE ROW: Rich Carpenter, Ben Andrews, Nello Cervelli, Frank Rosa, Bob Mikelson, Joe Sangiacomo, Lloyd Watson. FRONT ROW: Stan Pudlo, Gilbert Aymeric, Jerry Baganiani, Don Yerby, Norm Nielson, Roger Maes, Terry White.

FRESHMAN CLASS 54-J



FUN ???

ALWAYS A LOT OF
FUN HERE





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bill Schimpf, George Rodriguez, Earl Myers, Donn Graves, Andrew Washington.
FRONT ROW: John Bonchonsky, Bill Leong, Andy Ferrari, Norm White, Marshall Burgest.

JUNIOR COLLEGE



Si Senor' Spanish so early in the morning



Woodwork: Don't work too hard boys

WORK AND PLAY

Algebra: What's so funny, Schoenstein?



Woodshop: Ord, what did you do?





Spanish: What are you thinking Scara Bosio?



Algebra: Nothing like relaxing in class

WORK AND PLAY

Study Hall: Or is it?



English: All a big joke.





Standard Oil Trip Hersch, what are you drinking?



Standard Oil Trip Sleeping Beauty
Dember ??

WORK AND PLAY

Physics: What is everybody staring at?



Rally Rehearsal: Shirley, Bob and Joyce say "You're Just In Love" accompanied by Hank on the uke.





Rally Rehearsal: Miller, Gledhill and Warner having a gay time



Easter rally: Romeo and Juliet?

WORK AND PLAY

What's This? A car, Linda's car



Easter Rally: Graves solo





Easter Rally: Juliet (Flo) marries
Romeo (Gliebe) by Minister (Graves)



Favorite place to dine: Guilbert, the
food couldn't be that bad!

WORK AND PLAY

Trip to Standard Oil: a lot of fun



After Effects: Doesn't look like all that
walking did Vaznaugh any good



BASKETBALL

COACH
Rich Kendall

George Yeakey
Lonnie Lockwood

Fred Juul

Bob Gledhill

George Yeakey

Ermen Ghiorzi



Fred Ghiorzi

Frank Toy



Bob Kendall

Bob Young

BASKETBALL

The Lick-Wilmerding School had a hard working basketball team this year. They tried hard to win the games, but never quite succeeded. The Junior Varsity did better than the Varsity team.

The following are the games played:

Washington	at Washington
Commerce	at Commerce
Riordon	at Riordon
Tamalpais Boys School	at San Rafael

The outcome of the games is the following:

SCHOOL	VARSITY	JUNIOR VARSITY
Washington	Lost	Won
Commerce	Lost	---
Riordon	Lost	---
Tamalpais	Lost	---

On the team this year were George Yeakey, Lonnie Lockwood, Fred Juul, Bob Gledhill, Ermen Ghiorzi, Fred Ghiorzi, Frank Toy, Bob Kendall, Bob Young, Hiroshi Saito, Santo De Grandi, Joe Eastwood and Hank Warner. The Team was capably coached by an ex-Lick student, Richard Kendall.



BASEBALL

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Norm Nielson, Felix Smith, Bob Panelli, Bob Lorenzi, Paul Dember, Fred Ghiorzi, Tom Kenny. FRONT ROW: Joe Sangiacomo, Don Yerby, Santo De Grandi, Jack Cavallero, Rich Ferronato, Gordon Miller, Jerry Sullivan, Ron Keil.

BASEBALL

The baseball season for Lick-Wilmerding is just beginning as this book goes to press, but from the looks of the team up to now, we are going to have a good year.

To date the team has played two games and won two games. These were against St. Peter's.

The team this year is in the very capable hands of Mr. Bill Jones, Electric shop teacher. He has put the boys through their practices with a great amount of skill.

Mr. Jones has a very good line-up for the team this year. The following are some of the games:

Washington	Half Moon Bay
Commerce	Jefferson
Riordon	Mission

Here's hoping they have a good season

WHY I CAME TO AMERICA

My departure from the Russian zone of Korea was caused by disapproval of communism. Walking at night and sleeping in the daytime, carrying only the clothing on my back, I managed to slip across the thirty-eighth parallel.

I was filled with a hunger for knowledge and a yearning for freedom, when I came to this country at the age of nineteen. Day and night I had dreamed of education. I came here also for freedom: freedom to climb from poverty; freedom from class and caste; freedom to think and grow and really live.

Did I find what I came for? Yes, a thousand times over. Education was mine for the price of personal toil. Unbelievable, it seemed at first that I could pay for classics and science by mowing lawns and cleaning furnaces; and to find that I was not inferior to the men whose lawns I was mowing was education indeed.

I found freedom. It gave me the urge to accomplish. It stimulated me to individual enterprise. It developed a deep affection for the American ways of life, and a profound respect for American institutions.

Hugh Lee
J. C.

THE MINIATURE OPPENHEIMER

My fellow physicists, it has been the cause of science to produce young men of brilliant caliber and outstanding ability. Science holds its place in the world today as the most influential factor in the living habits of man. It spreads itself to all through the medium of our natural senses. Although man uses his mind to create for the benefit of all, there has been a drastic change. This remarkable change has appeared in this room every day for over two years. This change, my fellow scientist is you. Your devastating movement has been most uncalled for.

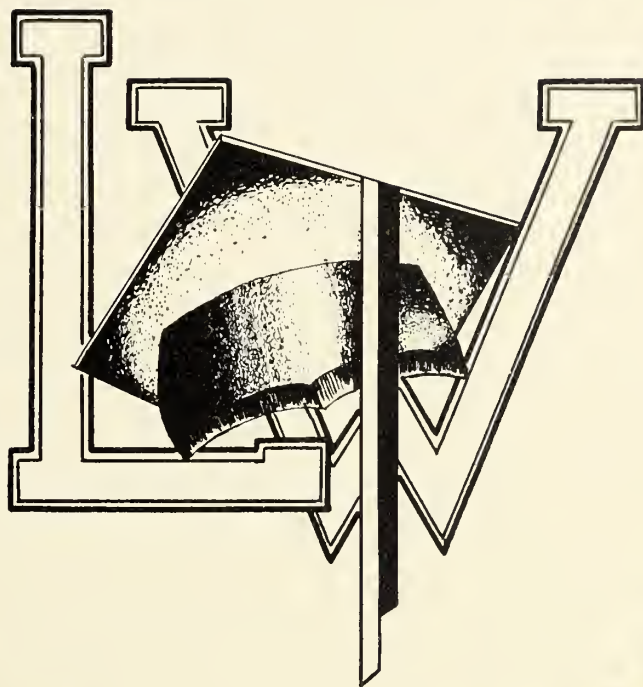
The Lick Board of Directors has placed in my hands the burden of transforming the adolescent minds of our students into ones of high mental ability and character. Their request has been most difficult to cope with, but, generally speaking, the results have been successful to their satisfaction.

Your fellow students have been most co-operative in this great cause, and I must continue to present to society the representation of carefully planned systems of teaching.

Yet your reaction to my efforts has discouraged me completely. On one last request, I ask of you respond to it accordingly.

Joe, please sharpen your pencil "before" class begins.

Samuel Mihara
51-J



GRADUATES

1950-1951

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRAIL

Come Pal! Along the trail again
We'll have to go and climb,
Our lives loom on ahead of us
And beckoning is time.

We've rested here together, pal,
And shared our hopes and fears,
We'll cherish all the hours spent
In those swiftly fading years.

We hate to break the ties pal,
We hesitate to part,
We linger longingly in halls. . .
Memory's haunt. . . before we start.

Each a different path may take
To climb 'gainst the storm and strife
But all those together weave
The only trail of life.

We have to go. . . Life beckons us
To sunshine and to rain
Here's hoping, pal, along the trail
We'll somewhere meet again.

Gertrude Roche

THE WISE ONE

I'll begin my story in ancient times for that is when you first hear of me. With every portion of man's life and history, I am well acquainted; for you see, I was with him since his beginning. Some men have helped me immeasurably in telling my story, while others have hindered by trying to drive me from them. I could have told them that was an impossible task for anyone to accomplish.

I'll always be grateful to a man who lived in 1460, since by invention, I have had access to the ends of the earth.

Through me the wildest dreams of children have become living realities - whether to be a daring knight in shining armor or the fiercest of pirates battling the enemies of their cause.

Men have sought comfort, understanding, relaxation, adventure and enrichment; and I have not turned them away disappointed. Through me, one can experience the entire gamut of human emotions.

I've heard it said that some dislike me. But deep in their hearts they must know that without my help, life would be monotonous.

You ask where I reside? Great buildings have been erected in my honor, but often I grace the poorest man's home. I am no respecter of persons. My friends are from the humblest to the mightiest.

You may think that I am quite a braggart; but believe me, the half has not been told.

What is my name, you ask?

Why, didn't you know!

I am a book. . . .

SENIOR

DESIGNATION

Batton
Bresadola
Bresson
Cardona
Davis
De Andreis
De Grandi
Dember
Dodsworth
Eastwood
Edward
Fabbri
Ghiorzi
Gledhill
Griggi
Guisto
Hirshfeld
Juul
Koenig
Lontz
Manning
Merkh
Mihara
Millard
Miller
Niederhofer
Ord
Parsons
Quinn
Saito
Schutt
Smith
Sullivan
Sullivan
Terrell
Terry
Tornberg
Van Duyn
Vaznaugh
Warner
Yamoto
Yeakey
Parry

DEVIATION

Al
Max
Don
Rich
Tex
Stan
Sant
Sea Weed
"Charles"
Tooler
Jay
Lou
Tiny
Lefty
"Squeegy"
"Gusto"
Joy
Fred
"Ravishing Roland"
"Jack Small"
"Lash"
Roger
Sam
Don
"Salty"
"Toodles"
"Ordo"
Ron
Pat
Cliff
Otto
"Flix"
Jerry
Ralph
Dick
R. H.
Ken
Vance
Fred
Hank
Yamoto
George
Ivor

INCORPORATION

Shopping news
Mr. Berlin
Einstein
Gustafson
Horses
With Unus
Baseball bat
"Little Bit"
With Sally
Pocket books
Electric shop
With Schutt
Food
With Carol
Pork chops
Bar bells
The boys
With Gledhill
Motorscooters
Pottenger
With Graves
With Cardona
Brushes
Girls
Cameras
Baseball
Y Level
Woodshop
Ships
College Material
With Fabbri
Window frames
History
With Kenny
With Carol
Math
Sicnarf
With Tornberg
With Miller
Warner
With Saito
Cars
Dark Shows

SCOPE

OCCUPATION

Baseball player
U. S. History
Silence
Bulbsnatcher
Texas
Peanut Vendor
Baseball
Sailing
Chemist
Procrastinator
Veri-typer
Developer
Yes
Hmmmmm!
Going to dances
Yachtman
Giving Hank a bad time
Rod man
Valve grinder
Football
U. S. Marshall
Smoking
Artist
Fun
Mother to Vaznaugh
Trying
Being clumsy
Sanding
Cherry St.
Thinker
Fabbri
Nailer
Sitting
Seeing
Chauffeur
Books
Draft dodger
Working
Danger
Warner
Sports
Drives
Knowing girls

FASCINATION

Structure
White smocks
Yah-h-h
Electricity
Texas
Girls
Hitting ball
Water
Closets
Stock pants
D. C
Light bulbs
Eastwood
That girl
Finances
Missin mast
Eyes
Liz
"Blonds"
History reports
Frisco's
Lighters
Jets
Girls
Flash bulbs
Black jackets
Solid Geometry
Chips
Test tubes
College
Fabbri
Windows
Listening
Dark glasses
Sweaters and Jackets
Physics
Tail Spin
Wooden shoes
Wrestling
Warner
Black boards
Hot rods
Girls

REMIGRATION

Obituary writer
The army
Uh-h-h-h
Meter reader
Canada
Date
Bat Boy
Beach-comber
Under the bed
Vallejo
Plug puller
Dark room
Garbage collector
Those kids
Millionaire
Back room
Fun
Paratrooper
Roland the Man
Water Boy
Western Movies
Detention
Jet Pogo Stick
More fun
House cleaner
Bat boy
Mathematician?
Chiseler
Beaker
First grade
Friends
Nail setter
Trying to answer
Optimist
Cadillac
Britton's shadow
Perfume Manufacturer
Loafer
Second
Hmmmmmmm!
Ball player
Bicycles
Bachelor

A TRIBUTE TO BRUNO HEYMANN

On the evening of March 15, 1951, members of the faculty, a number of his former students, and friends met at Lick-Wilmerding School to pay final tribute to Bruno Heymann, beloved dean and teacher, who had passed away just three months before. With dedicatory ceremonies conducted by the Bruno Heymann Memorial, a handsome plaque was unveiled by his daughter, Miss Susan Heymann, who attended with Mrs. Heymann.

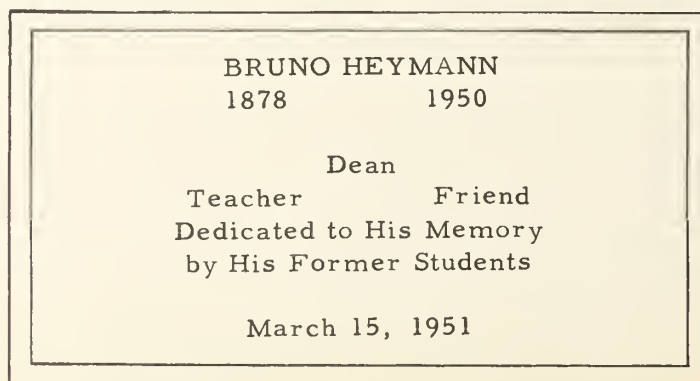
Bruno Heymann was associated with Lick-Wilmerding School for more than forty-four years. He had been dean-in-retirement, since ill health forced him to leave his active duties at the beginning of 1946. Joining the Lick faculty in October 1907 as mechanical drawing instructor, Mr. Heymann taught drafting, engineering, and aeronautics until the time of his retirement. From 1912 to 1946, he was dean of the school.

Along with the late George A. Merrill, the former first director of the school, who served in that capacity for over forty years, Mr. Heymann left an imprint on students of Lick-Wilmerding as few teachers have. His thorough knowledge of the subjects he taught, his understanding of young people, his kindness and consideration, his council, and his friendly humor endeared to his students, who were richly rewarded in the training they received at his hands.

A Bruno Heymann Memorial has been established since his death and former students have already contributed over \$2,200.00. The fund is to be used to purchase new equipment for the drafting rooms and other improvements as a lasting memorial to Mr. Heymann.

Don Stewart, '24-J, chairman of the Memorial Committee, presided at the dedication services. Director Wynne, who was one of Mr. Heymann's students and also served under him as a young teacher, accepted the plaque for the school. Arthur E. Wilkins, '09, acted for the Lick Board of Trustees; Mr. Pivernetz, present dean, represented the faculty; and William J. Feldcamp, '15, Edward W. Larson, '23-J, and Carmen Jumenez, 47-X, spoke for his former students.

The plaque, set on the wall of the main corridor of the school, reads



DONALD BRESSON
Polytechnic Major

Not Pictured:
DONALD BRESSON

WILLIAM V. DAVIS
College Preparatory Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Script L. W., Football, Block
L. W.



GRADUATES 50-X



ALAN BATTON
Polytechnic Major

MAXINE M. BRESADOLA
College Preparatory Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Script L. W., Class Officer,
Board of Control.



SANTO DE GRANDI
Polytechnic Major
Baseball, Basketball, Block L. W.

JOSEPH EASTWOOD
Polytechnic Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Block L. W., Script L. W.,
Baseball, Basketball, Football.

GRADUATES 50 - X



ERMEN N. GHIORZI
Polytechnic Course
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Script L. W., Baseball, Basketball, Football, Block L. W., Class Officer.

ROBERT P. GLEDHILL
College Preparatory Major
Student Body President, Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control, Script L. W., Class Officer, Tiger Staff, Student Body Sports Manager, Basketball, Football, Block L. W.



THOMAS ORD
Polytechnic Major

RONALD PARSONS
Woodshop Major
Class President.

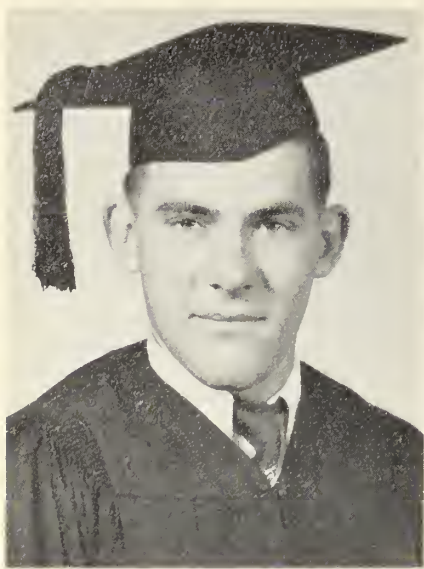


GRADUATES 50 - X



DONALD MANNING
Architecture Major
Class Officer.

DON S. MILLARD
Polytechnic Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Script L. W., Class Officer.



FELIX SMITH

Polytechnic Major

Student Body Sports Manager, Class Officer, Board of Control, Baseball, Block L. W.

RALPH SULLIVAN

Polytechnic Major



RICHARD TERRELL

College Preparatory Major

KENNETH TORNBERG

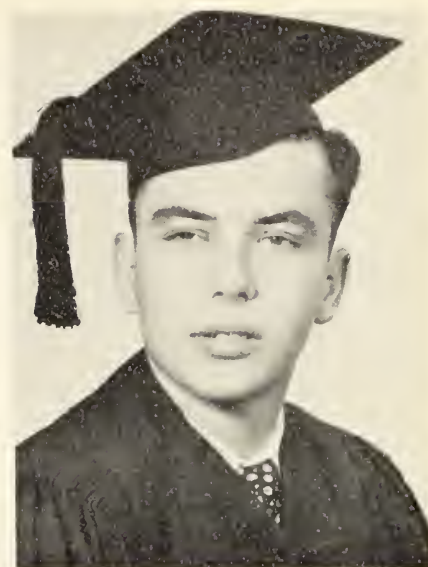
College Preparatory Major
Board of Control.

GRADUATES 50 - X



AUGIE CAMPO
Polytechnic Major

RICHARD CARDONA
Electric Shop Major

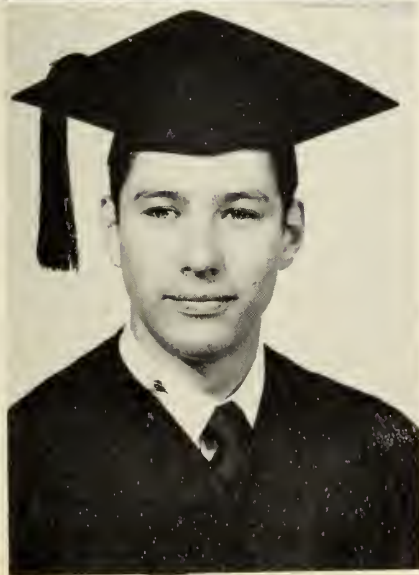


GRADUATES 50 AND 51



EUGENE VAN DUYN
College Preparatory Major
Board of Control.

HENRY F. WARNER
College Preparatory Major
Student Body Vice President, Rally Committee, Dance Committee,
Board of Control, Tiger Staff, Class Officer, Script L. W., Basket-
ball, Block L. W.





STANLEY DE ANDREIS

Polytechnic Major

Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control, Class Officer,
Script L. W.

JAY EDWARDS

Electric Shop Major

Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Class Officer, Script L. W.



LOUIS FABBRI

College Preparatory
Class Officer.

ROBERT GRIGGI

Polytechnic Major

Student Body Vice President, Rally Committee, Dance Committee,
Board of Control, Class Officer, Script L. W.

GRADUATES 51 - J



JOYCE G. HIRSHFELD

College Preparatory Major
Class Officer, Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control,
Literary Editor 1950 Annual, Editor-in-chief 1951 Annual, Script L. W.



BERMARD F. JUUL

Polytechnic Major
Class Officer, Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control,
Tiger Staff, Script L. W., Basketball, Block L. W.



GRADUATES

51-J

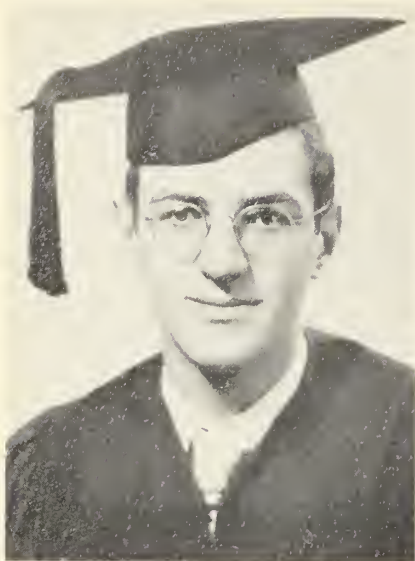


FRED GIUSTO

Polytechnic Major
Student Body Sports Manager, Rally Committee, Dance Committee,
Class Officer, Board of Control, Script L. W.

THOMAS KENNY

Electric Shop Major



ROLAND KOENIG

College Preparatory Major
Student Body President, Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board
of Control, Class Officer, Script L. W.

JACK LONTZ

Electric Shop Major
Class Officer



GRADUATES

51 - J

Not Pictured:
SAMUEL MIHARA

SAMUEL MIHARA

College Preparatory Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control, Class Officer,
Tiger Staff, Script L. W.

GORDON MILLER

College Preparatory
Class Officer, Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control,
Tiger Staff, Script L. W., Baseball, Block L. W.



HIROSHI SAITO
College Preparatory Major
Class Officer, Basketball, Block L. W.

OTTO SCHUTT
Polytechnic Major
Class Officer



GRADUATES

51-J



GEORGE NIEDERHOFER
Polytechnic Major
Class Officer, Baseball, Block L. W.



IVOR PARRY
Polytechnic Major
Rally Committee, Script L. W., Football, Block L. W.



JEROLD SULLIVAN
Polytechnic Major

ROBERT H. TERRY
College Preparatory Major
Class Officer, Board of Control.

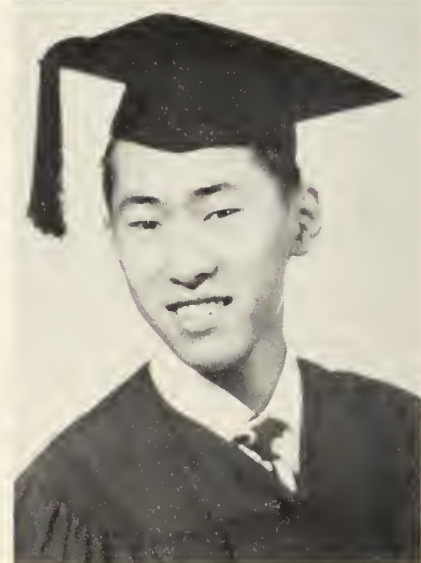


FRED VAZNAUGH
College Preparatory Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Board of Control, Class Officer,
Tiger Staff, Script L. W.

SHOGO YAMOTO
College Preparatory
Basketball.

GRADUATES

51-J



ANDREW FERRARI
Electric Shop Major
Junior College.

WILLIAM SCHIMPF
Electric Shop Major
Junior College.



GRADUATES 51-J AND JUNIOR COLLEGE



GEORGE YEAHEY
Sheet Metal Major
Rally Committee, Dance Committee, Script L. W., Baseball, Basketball, Football, Block L. W.

JOHN BONCHONSKY
Mechanical Drawing Major
Junior College.

ALUMNI

The following is taken from the radio manuscript of W. & J. Sloan's program "This Is Your Home." I would like to thank W. & J. Sloan, Bud Hyde and Samuel Dickson, who wrote the manuscript.

Saturday, November 4, 1950, in the one hundredth year of the state of California, boys of Wilmerding, and boys from Lick assembled to celebrate their fiftieth and fifty-fifth anniversaries respectively. Some of the boys had complete upper dentures, some had lowers, and some had uppers and lowers; some of them had high intellectual foreheads, hairless as billiard balls, and some were topped with crowns of snowy white. As a matter of fact there were boys of all ages representing every class and every football team of Lick-Wilmerding since 1895.

I remember the year that the late General "Hap" Arnold helped coach a Lick team in one of its champion years, and remembering him brings back memories, over the years, of Lick-Wilmerding men -- and women -- who went out from the sacrosanct halls where football, steel, and wood turning, physics and chemistry prepared them to become tax-payers of the future; men and women who were to become civic, national, and even world leaders. There was that tough individual named Black - Jim Black. He was so tough that he played through a Lick football game with a broken shoulder blade; Jim Black who was to become today's president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. He was one of a dozen Lick-Wilmerding men who were to become officers, or leaders of the Light and Power industry, including my old friend, the late Emery Wishon.

There was the captain of a Lick baseball nine, Johnny Deane who was to become General John R. Deane of the United States Army, and commander of the American mission to Moscow, as well as author of the best-seller: "The Strange Alliance." There was the Lick track man and hurdler, Barney Allsopp, who, as director of the Postal Telegraph Cable Company, became a general in the United States Army, Clinton Allsopp, in charge of communications to the Far East.

Builder of San Francisco, designers and architects who labored over the mechanical drawing boards of Lick-Wilmerding, including Didge Riody, San Francisco City Architect, Abe Appleton, Henry Collins, and countless others. There were the practical builders, the boys who used to fill cabinet-making joints with saw-dust and glue, and now have become leaders in the field of contracting and building. Men like the ruddy, always smiling Harry Hilp of Barrett and Hilp, today the head of Lick's Board of Trustees. There was Babe Hollingberry and Clinton Duffy, Warden of San Quentin, and Arthur Wynne, and Al Bagshaw, and there was . . . but I can't begin to name all of them any more than I can prove that Lick, Poly, or Lowell had the best football team. But there was one name whose story I have told often and yet, always, when I tell it, new bits of the story are added to build the uncompleted picture. He came to San Francisco one hundred and two years ago, and his name was James Lick.

This man has seldom been equaled in his field of endeavor for higher learning and better education. It is through his undying generosity that we are endowed with this fine school, a symbol of his high character.

I am sure, that if he could see what his labors have brought forth, he would be quite happy.



Many of the Alumni seated at their tables at the Alumni Dinner while listening to speeches

ALUMNI DINNER

Alumni of the future. . . seated left to right- Ken Tornberg, Bob Gledhill, Frank Crotty, Al Schoenstein.



Looks as if they're having a good time. . . Alumni meet friends they haven't seen in years.



LICK'S TRIP TO STANDARD OIL

Lick's took a trip to Standard Oil of California, and each student that went was to write an article on what they like best. This article was written by Fred Vaznaugh on the Crude Oil Still.

The one "tool" which most impressed me at the Standard Oil Refinery, was that which might be termed the heart of the entire plant, the crude oil still. The crude still provides, either directly or indirectly, every product that comes out of the plant.

Crude oil is heated through the furnaces and fed to the towers, where, by the process of distillation, the precious vapors are given off. Distillation is the process of driving off gas or vapors from liquids or solids, by heat, in a retort and condensing this product. A method of making gasoline is by heating petroleum crude and then condensing the vapors that rise.

The oil vapor forced up through the towers from the furnaces by means of pressure, vacuum, and heat. The heavier gases rise to the upper part of the towers. Pipes, leading to condensers, are attached to the towers at various distances. The lowest pipe withdraws the still's heaviest products, asphalt; and the highest pipe withdraws the lightest product, gasoline. Some of the products of the still, ranging from lightest to heaviest, are, gasoline, kerosene, thinner, Diesel fuel, lubricating oil, gas oil for the catalytic crackers, and asphalt.

The crude still is only one of several ingenious units which comprise the Standard Oil Refinery. Some of these units are Thermoform Catalytic Crackers, the Catalytic Reformer, the Wax Plant, the Package and Grease Plant, and the Long Wharf.

CALENDAR

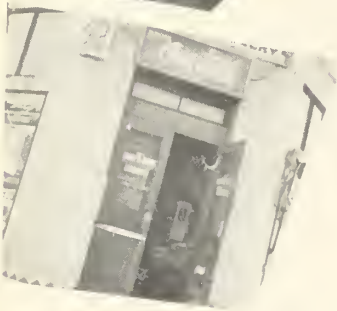
FALL SEMESTER

- September 11 Drudgery Begins.
- September 12 Second Day of School Only 160 Days Till Vacation.
- September 18 Joy's Birthday.....Happy Birthday, Joy.
- September 20 Class Meeting.....Politics Begin.
- September 22 "Bored" of Control Begin Sinister Dealings.
- September 28 Very Dull Day.
- October 9 New Girl; Nuff Said.
- October 11 Warning Notices.....Pall of Gloom Envelops school.
- October 12 Holiday.....Oh! What a Shame.
- October 20 Juul's Birthday.....Happy Birthday, Juul.
- October 27 Big Dance..Big Band..Big Time..Big Dreamer.
- November 4 Alumni Banquet; Reporters Have Gay Time With The Old Grads.
- November 10 End of Quarter... 106 More Days of School...Report Cards Ugh!
- November 17 Beautiful Day.....Raincoats in Order.
- November 18 Same as Yesterday.
- November 23 Thanksgiving... Call a Doctor.
- November 28 Rally.... Need A Doctor.
- December 1 Drag..... Eastwood victor-Vella sad.
- December 7 Half Moon Bay Game... 30's win-Varsity Loses.
- December 15 Christmas Rally..... What a Mess, Christmas Vacation Begins.
- January 4 Rally..... New Band Starts.
- January 16 Nomination Rally.....President - Fred Vaznaugh, Joyce Hirshfeld, Roland Koenig; Vice President - Bob Griggi; Secretary-Treasurer - Florence Amorsen, Gordon Miller; Sports Manager - Fred Giusto, Fred Ghiorzi.
- January 23 Election..... President - Koenig; Vice President - Griggi; Secretary-Treasurer - Amorsen; Sports Manager - Giusto.



SPRING SEMESTER

- February 5 New Semester. . . . Ho! Ho! That's Rich? ? ?
- February 12 Lincoln's Birthday. . . . Oh! What a Party.
- February 15 Beginning of Eighth Period. . . . welcomed with open arms? ? ? ? ?
Class meetings.
- February 16 Class Elections. . . . My but 51-J grew.
- February 19 Board of Control Meets. . . . Money Dealings.
- February 21 Rally. . . Gledhill and his genuine elephants trunk.
- February 22 Start of four day weekend. . . . big bust!!!!
- February 28 Big Movie.
- March 8 Atomic Bomb Drill. . . . All Confusion. . . Cover up Boys (and girls).
- March 15 Big Trip to Balboa.
- March 16 Rally. . . . "Romeo, Romeo, Where For Art thou Romeo? "
- March 19 Easter Vacation. . . . Work ends and rest begins.
- March 26 School Starts. . . Darn it.
- March 30 Dance. . . . what fun.
- April 2 Board of Control meets again. . . . money, money, money.
- April 13 Rally. . . . End of Quarter.
- April 27 Movie.
- May 4 Dance.
- May 11 Rally.
- May 23 Senior Sneek.
- May 25 Movie.
- May 29 Nomination Rally.
- May 30 Holiday.
- June 2 Senior Prom.
- June 5 Student Body Election.
- June 6 Rally.
- June 7 Finals.
- June 12 Shop Classes.
- June 15 Teachers Meeting.
- June 18 At Last. . . . Graduation.



LICK'S TRIP TO STANDARD OIL

This is what Joe Eastwood thought of the trip to Standard Oil Of California.

Last Wednesday the Seniors and some of the Chemistry classes of Lick took an interesting trip through the Richmond refineries of Standard Oil.

The part that interested me most was their chemical development plan. This work was being done by the California Research Laboratories. It is a very farsighted organization which is always striving to improve the present products and develop new ones, as the occasion demands.

They work in a beautiful building equipped with the latest research and chemical equipment. Anything needed in testing of oil products can either be found here or made here, as this lab had a complete machine shop, electronics shop, and a very interesting glass blowing department.

One of the interesting features of this work was the fact that about two-thirds of the employees are doing paper work, from the data received from the labs. These employees probably never touch a test tube but are a most important factor in any kind of lab.

A trip like this should inspire students to have higher aims, to help them decide what they want, and make them realize what it takes to run a business. I think all those who went enjoyed themselves to the limit.



PETROLEUM TOWN

A brief resume of the field trip to Richmond.

On Wednesday I went with a group of seniors to the Richmond Refinery of the Standard Oil Company. To me this really was an interesting trip. This refinery is really something to see. The plant covers eighteen hundred acres or three square miles. This is believed to be the third largest refinery in the world. Here, three thousand six hundred men and women process over 100,000 barrels of petroleum a day. Over 1,000 products are made here, ranging from asphalt, the heaviest product, to liquified gas, known as "Flamo."

Wednesday morning we boarded a bus in front of the school. It was one of those moving showcases the Gray Line calls a bus. Shortly we arrived at the California Research Building which does research for Standard Oil. We were then ushered into a conference room where we were told about the building and given our guides. Our group went from here to the library, where the books on research are kept. The library is now being converted to microfilm, which will save space and time. We were then taken to the drafting room, where the draftsmen have a beautiful view of the refinery. The testing laboratory was the next place we visited. This lab had special equipment which was not found in the other labs. From here we went to the glass blowing lab where all the special bottles and glassware are blown into shape. We then went through various testing labs and stock rooms. Never before have I seen such a conglomeration of testing devices.

One machine which interested me was the cathode ray oscillograph, which could detect the slightest engine knock. This mass of befuddlement has a screen somewhat like a television set on which sound waves are shown.

After wading through many test tubes, beakers spectrographs, and chemists, we passed by a machine shop and a cold lab. This lab is especially constructed to withstand temperatures as low as 18 degrees below.

I was then amazed to find that Standard made detergents. In the next lab, there was a row of washing machines. These are used to test their product before it hits the market.

Next came the fuel testing room. In this room there were engines of all types which were being used to test fuels. Making a mad dash to another building through the rain proved to be a wet proposition. It proved worth it when we saw the lab for testing impurities. We then saw pressure tests and tests on strength of metals. Here on a special machine designed to guage foot pounds we saw an interesting test. A piece of carbon steel was put in the machine. A giant pendulum swung down upon it and broke it. It was found that carbon steel is broken at 60 foot pounds.

My gaunt weak body had not taken nourishment now for four hours, and the pangs of hunger were slowly being felt. This was greatly relieved when we approached the cafeteria. This is a large building which is strictly on a non-profit basis. Here we were served a terrific meal before we set out again.

With my stomach full of food, I set out with the rest of the group to find new discoveries.

The grease and package plant was our next stop. Here 50 gallon barrels of oil are moved on conveyers which are run by remote control.

This building covers an area of seven acres. Upstairs there are giant machines for making grease. Downstairs railway cars are loaded. We then took in the machine shop, where large lathes and drill presses were seen.

With a hop, skip and a jump we were off to the bus for a

(cont.)

ride through the refinery. We then journeyed out to the recreation part of the plant. Here we found two swimming pools, a gym, a bowling alley and a lounge. From there we went to the long wharf. This is the place where Standard's ships are loaded. In all Standard had twenty-two ships in operation. Some of these ships can hold as much as 150,000 barrels of oil.

We then went through the last building, which was a testing lab for the oil tanks.

After saying good-bye to our wonderful guides, we took off for good old San Francisco, confident that we had certainly learned a lot from our visit to Petroleum Town.

IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR

On a quiet, heat-ominous morning in the summer of the year following the end of the Spanish Civil War, a man sat sleeping at a table in a small bare room that was, in turn, in a small house about eight miles from Castejonde Monegros at the base of the Sierra de Alcubieree on the rolling, dry, brassy-hot plain of Aragon. He sat with his head on his arms, and he slept well. He had been up most of the night writing, and he had finally finished the story that had been crippling his thoughts for the past year. The story was about him, and his best friend, and their mutual friends, and of the movement, and of the plans, and of the mistakes a person makes that tend to drive him mad later on; it was a story of our time, and it lay neatly stacked on top of a cabinet in a corner of the small, bare, dark, just-getting-cool, malodorous, early-morning-feeling room.

Pablo Brunaga had written hard and well during the hot night and now, in the early morning, he could get perhaps four hours of sleep before the great heat started for the day.

He would sleep well this morning because he had finally written the thing out of the bad place in his mind; he had got it "off his chest." It was actually not a thing for which he should have been ashamed; it was not his fault, and no one, of course, ever blamed him, but it still lay in his brain badly for a long time.

A brief summary of Pablo Brunaga's manuscript would go something like this

At the end of the conflict - fight, war, training grounds, betrayal, or whatever you wish to name it - called the Spanish Civil War, there were the usual restless groups of men and women who knew that with a small fraction of the "breaks" they could have won their war. These groups were composed of the men (and women) who had fought well and long and then lost. These people didn't like losing because of the weakness of the world's politicians, who had failed them after they had hung on by their teeth and held and beaten back the troops of Germans, Italians, Spanish Fascists, and the wild-man Moors. These people didn't like a lot of things, and they knew they would have to do something to free Spain.

Pablo Brunaga was a member of a small group of these hard losers who planned to do something. They planned to assassinate Franco.

Their plan was simple and took but one person to execute: on certain occasions Generalissimo Franco went to public funerals. The next one he was attending was for one of his generals. The assassin would get into the mourning line and that way gain entrance to the tomb where the services were held. He would have a gun with two bullets in it. At the proper moment he would shoot the esteemed Generalissimo in the head and then shoot himself in the head, thus avoiding any unnecessary and unpleasant tortures from Paco Franco's friends afterwards.

(cont.)

They had planned this killing for a long while and looked forward to it eagerly.

About this time Pablo Brunaga received word from Salamanca that his imprisoned parents had been killed by the "Guardia Civil." That was the end of his family (his four brothers had all been killed in the civil conflict) so maybe you can picture, in a small way, his grief and bitterness.

He went into the "Triana" on a Monday. His group, unable to find him in the filthy slums, had to draw lots on Wednesday to see who was to kill Franco, because the beloved Generalissimo was to arrive a week earlier that Saturday.

There was a certain comrade Timoteo Rodan who was in Pablo's group. Timoteo was an artist. He painted the beautiful landscapes, the hilarious and realistic sketches, the "Perfect" little statuettes; he had a future everyone used to say; he would some day be famous. He and Pablo Brunaga were best friends. They were friends the waymen can often be in an honest and loyal and good way.

Anyway, Timoteo Rodan won the draw and was given the best pistol in the group for his job. All the members wanted to be the assassinator, so they were disappointed and especially when their artist, the promising one, he with the future, won it.

They found Pablo Brunaga later, but he was sick for days with something that none of them knew of, so they didn't tell him the news about Timoteo until he recovered.

Timoteo got into the mourning line all right, and he got close enough to Franco for a good shot, but when he pulled out his gun, one of the Moor guards saw him and shot him twice in the chest. Somebody said he was still alive when they threw him in back of a car and drove away. However, he was dead the next morning.

In Pablo's already shocked mind Timoteo's useless death

looked like his fault. He kept telling everyone that if he had been present at the assassinator's drawing, Timoteo wouldn't have won; he (Pablo) would have won, he should have won; he would have to win, because he had nothing left in life, whereas Timoteo had everything.

Such were the thoughts of Pablo Brunaga, and thoughts are, of course, useless; but they came from a shocked mind, and the thought-wounds took a long time to heal and left scars.

Well, Timoteo's family was notified, and the group split up, and each went his own way, and Curro Franco was still alive, and Pablo Brunaga went north to try to find work, and all the clocks in the world went slowly 'round and 'round, and are going 'round and 'round, and will always go around. Which all goes to show that nothing is nothing and always has been nothing, and you can't really put somebody else's tragedy or life on paper as it would be senseless even if you could, because the reader wants to be entertained and doesn't expect actually to live another man's life.

And thus would be the end of Pablo Brunaga's manuscript.

A rumbling, rattling, grinding old truck lumbered through the dust thickened air along the road that runs out of Castejón de Monegros through the sun burned Sierra de Alcubrierre and on across the wind battered plain of Aragon.

In the back of the swaying, dust coated truck, men of the "Guardia Civil" cursed and spat and smoked and drank water and ate dust, and in the cab the driver and the captain talked about the man whom they had dug information from about the assassination attempt the year before. They had the rest of the plotters in a fine Spanish jail, and now they were after the one called Pablo Brunaga, who lived on a small farm about eight miles from Castejón de Monegros at the base of the Sierra de Alcubrierre.

The truck finally swung into a barren farm yard and stopped. The captain opened the truck door, stepped out, brushed some of the dust from his uniform, drew his pistol, spat on the ground, and walked up to the door of the farm house.

Inside, Pablo Brunaga was on his feet in the middle of the room. He could hear the wind-blown chaff from the hard earthen threshing floor sweeping across the yard and striking the side of the truck. He could hear the men getting out of the truck and the shuck of the rifle bolts.

A loud rap on the front door.

He cursed Spain, he cursed Franco, he cursed the "Guardia Civil", and he opened the door without saying anything. They threw him in the back of the truck, where somebody hit him in the mouth with a block of wood.

The truck backed out of the wind-swept yard, turned, and started back for the pueblo, and if you were standing on top of the hill behind the house, you could follow the truck with your eyes because of the dust column it trailed until it dropped down into the next valley, and then all you could see were the yellow hills with the road running through them like a pale ribbon, and the telegraph poles strung out in their eternal line, and an occasional baked house or two in the middle of a bare, sunburned yard, and the pale Spanish sky tainted by the grey "calina", and far off, coming down a hill, a man walking carrying a crude scythe because it was nearly mid-day on this quiet, hot morning in the summer of the year following the end of the Spanish Civil War.

Fred Juul

-51-J-

THE GUARDIAN

Through the din of the pheasants, the chief druid commanded the ceremony to begin. A tall man dressed in a blue tunic slowly strode down the lane of people, and following him were three men, each carrying a chest. Minutes passed; finally the small procession reached the circle of upright boulders where the druid stood in a white robe. As the procession approached, he drew himself to his full six feet, his white hair streaming down his back and chest. The men carrying the chests climbed clumsily down into the deep pit. After laying their burdens side by side, the warriors ascended the crude stairs of the dirt pit. The druid uttered a few words, and the people gave a rousing cheer as the man dressed in blue descended into the pit. When he reached the bottom, he took several steps towards the chests and slowly sat upon them. The shoveling began, the priest started to chant a prayer to his gods. The level of the dirt came to his ankles, knees, hips, chest, finally without a cry or movement, his head. And then suddenly as the chanting had started, it stopped. The warriors and the druid in succession walked up through the lane of barbarous yells and shouts.

Time fades away into a mist of infinity, gaining speed like a runaway and finally coming to a sudden halt when it can go no further. Fields, towns, countries, worlds grow up with it and finally come to rest after the growing pains have ceased.

John Irving found the only remaining relic of this incident one afternoon on his daily walk over the moors. Wedged between two rocks, it caught his eye. He scraped the hard-packed earth from it and gingerly removed it from its cen-

(cont.)

turies old hiding place. The minute he fingered the cracked parchment, he sensed something strange and overpowering about it. Looking around, he carefully began to walk home; and when he arrived, John glanced over his shoulder as if sensing someone following him. He carefully avoided the kitchen, fearing that he might be trapped in his housekeeper's endless chatter. After entering the library, he closed and locked the door. I don't know what happened in that room, but when he came out, he had a curious smile on his face as a cat has after catching a mouse. . . .

Arriving in the village, he procured a shovel and, after searching in several stores, a map of Leefield and surrounding territory. After studying it closely, he drove to a place about four miles from where he found the parchment. John took out the map he had bought in Leefield and the one he had copied from his find. Minutes passed by as he concentrated; finally he got out of the car and with the shovel walked over to a lonely old house. As he ascended the porch stairs, they creaked under his weight. John walked hurriedly across the porch and pushed open the door now loose on its hinges. He stalked into the dilapidated hall and walked confidently through the house to the cellar stairs as if guided by some unknown force. While going through the rooms, he had picked up a candle stub; and when he reached the stairs, he groped for a match and lit it. After slowly descending the stairs in the flickering light, he looked around the musty basement. As if in a trance he walked over to one slimy wall and with his shovel started digging. His candle flickered and died as though snuffed out by some invisible source. In the complete darkness he dug, piling dirt all around him. John dug furiously, and suddenly his shovel hit something hard. He threw it aside, fell to the earth and began clawing at the ground. A faint

greenglow suddenly covered the object he was scrabbling to uncover. It was a skull with dried ribbons of flesh still hanging to its pasty surface. As he stared frozen with horror, the head slowly turned to his face and gibbered at him. . . .

When he woke, John tried to move and found himself encased to his shoulders in earth. He looked up and saw a leering skeleton wrapped in tattered piece of blue cloth! His screams echoed through the cellar as the few remaining clods of dirt were pushed in upon him. His dying gurgles sounded in my ears. I pronounced the ancient curse upon him and left his living corpse to guard our sacred treasure. It is pleasant to rest after two thousand years of undying watch.

Roderick Ward
52-J

THE ANSWER IS "KILL"

He hated the gigantic electrical computer; it was everything he was not: large, sleek, smart, and cared for with great love and affection.

He was, unfortunately, a small, unsightly, bungling, untidy minor technician, whose duty it was to keep watch on the computer during the night.

He knew that it hated him as well, and he sat very quiet, staring at its metered panels, which stared back at him from a thousand different eyes.

Finally he made up his mind. He would destroy it! It would be done so that he could have plenty of time to get away before they opened the semi-vault in the morning.

Acting fast, he obtained a small piece of wire and opened the small door leading inside the computer.

Walking down the narrow bank of silent relays, he stopped before a small relay labeled 10RS-a b. Taking the small wire in hand, he reached towards the relay. . . .

(cont.)

"Wonder what he was doing in there?" asked the young technician.

An older man, one of the reasearch directors, replied, "He certainly didn't know what hit him. "

"I understand that he was a bit off his head, claimed this PIANC computer was alive and hated him. Did you ever hear anything like that before?"

"I don't know that either, " commented the older. "All I know is that in some mysterious cockeyed way this 'dead' mass of circuit turned itself on for two seconds just as our dead friend here brushed against the only protruding high tension rod in the open part of this passage way. It almost seems that the computer calculated an answer of "Kill".

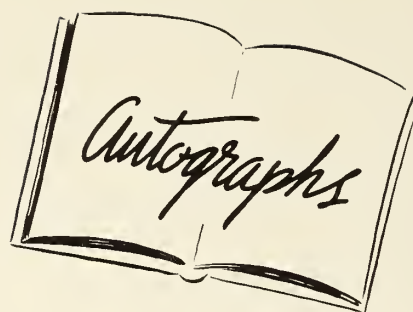
Nick Malman
51-X

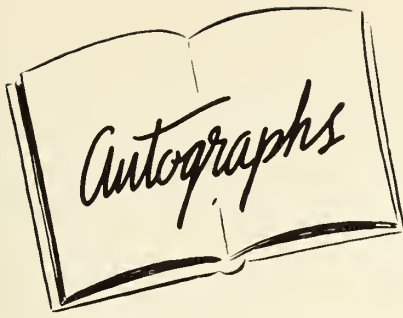


JOKE

Question: Dear Miss Jones, I went out with a boy last night and didn't get home until 4:00 a.m. Did I do wrong? Joan
Answer: Dear Joan, Try and Remember!









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